THE
ANTI-GALLICAN.

NUMBER V.

ODE TO MY COUNTRY.

BRITONS! hands and hearts prepare;
The angry tempest threatens nigh,
Deep-toned thunders roll in air,
Lightnings thwart the livid sky;
Thron'd upon the winged storm,
Fell DESOLATION rears her ghastly form,
Waves her black signal to her hell-born brood,
And lures them thus with promis'd blood:

"Drive, my sons, the storm amain!
Lo, the hated, envied land,
Where Piety and Order reign,
And Freedom dares maintain her stand.
Have you not sworn, by night and hell,
These from the earth for ever to expell?
Rush on, resistless, to your destin'd prey,—
Death and rapine point the way."

Britons! stand firm! with stout and dauntless heart
Meet unappall'd the *threatening Boaster's* rage;
Yours is the great, the unconquerable part
For your lov'd hearths and altars to engage,
And sacred Liberty, more dear than life—
Yours be the triumph in the glorious strife.
Shall theft and murder braver deeds excite
Than honest scorn of shame and heavenly love of right?

Turn the bright historic page!
Still in Glory's tented field
Albion's arms for many an age
Have taught proud Gallia's bands to yield.
Are not We the sons of those
Whose steel-clad sires pursued the insulting foes
E'en to the centre of their wide domain,
And bow'd them to a Briton's reign?*

Kings in modest triumph led,
Graced the SABLE VICTOR'S arms;†
His conquering lance, the battle's dread;—
His courtesy the conquer'd charms.
The lion heart soft pity knows,
To raise with soothing cares his prostrate foes;
The vanquish'd head true valour ne'er oppress,
Nor shunn'd to succour the distrest.

Spirit of great ELIZABETH! inspire
High thoughts, high deeds, worthy our ancient fame;
Breathe through our ardent ranks the patriot fire
Kindled at Freedom's ever hallow'd flame;
Baffled and scorn'd, the Iberian tyrant found,
Though half a world his iron sceptre bound,
The gallant Amazon could sweep away,
Arm'd with her people's love, the "*Invincible*" array.‖

The BOLD USURPER§ firmly held
The sword, by splendid treasons gain'd;
And Gallia's fiery genius quell'd,
And Spain's presumptuous claims restrain'd:
When lust of sway by flattery fed,
To vent'rous deeds the youthful Monarch** led,
In the full flow of victory's swelling tide
Britain check'd his power and pride.

To the great Batavian's name*†*
Ceaseless hymns of triumph raise!
Scourge of tyrants! let his fame
Live in songs of grateful praise.
Thy turrets, Blenheim, glittering to the sun,
Tell of bright fields*§* from warlike Gallia won;
Tell how the mighty Monarch mourn'd in vain
His impious wish the world to chain.

* Hen. VI. crowned at Paris. † The Black Prince.
‖ The Spanish Armada. § Oliver Cromwell. ** Louis XIV.
† William III. *§* Blenheim, Ramilies, &c.

And

And ye fam'd Heroes, late retir'd to heaven,
Whose setting glories still the skies illume,
Bend from the blissful seats to virtue given—
Avert your long-defended country's doom.
Earth from her utmost bounds shall wondering tell
How victory's meed ye gain'd, or conquering fell;
Britain's dread thunders bore from pole to pole,
Wherever man is found, or refluent oceans roll.

Names embalm'd in honour's shrine,
Sacred to immortal praise,
Patterns of glory, born to shine
In breathing arts or pictur'd lays:
See WOLFE, by yielding numbers prest,
Expiring smile, and sink on Victory's breast! ‡
See Minden's plains and Biscay's § billowy bay
Deeds of deathless fame display.

O! tread with awe the sacred gloom **
Patriot Virtue's last retreat;
Where Glory, on the trophied tomb
Joys their merit to repeat;
There CHATHAM lies, whose master-hand
Guided, through seven bright years, the mighty band
That round *his* urn, where grateful memory weeps,
Each in his hallow'd marble sleeps.

Her brand accurs'd when civil discord hurl'd, *†*
Britain alone th' united world withstood,
Rodney his fortune-favour'd sails unfurl'd,
And led *three* nation's chiefs to Thames's flood.
Firm on his *rock* the Veteran Hero*§* stands;
Beneath his feet unheeded thunders roar;
Smiling in scorn he sees the glittering bands
Fly with repulse and shame old Calpe's hopeless shore.

Heirs or partners of *their* toils,
Matchless heroes* still we owa;
Crown'd with honourable spoils
From the leagued nations won.
On their high prows they proudly stand
The god-like guardians of their native land;
Lords of the mighty deep triumphant ride,
Wealth and victory at their side.

‡ At Quebec. § Hawke. ** Westminster Abbey. *†* American War.
§ Lord Heathfield. * Cornwallis; Nelson; Smith; Warren; &c.

Loyal, bold, and generous bands,†
Strenuous in their country's cause,
Guard their cultivated lands,
Their altars, liberties, and laws.
On his firm deep-founded throne
Great BRUNSWICK sits, a name to fear unknown;
With brow erect commands the glorious strife,
Unaw'd, and prodigal of life.

Sons of fair Freedom's long-descended line,
To Gallia's yoke shall Britons bend the neck—
No; in *her* cause though fate and hell combine
To bury all in universal wreck,
Of this fair isle to make one dreary waste,
Her greatness in her ruins only traced:
Arts, commerce, arms, sunk in one common grave—
The man who dares to die, will never live a slave!

Anti-Jacobin.

† Volunteers.

BONAPARTE's WILL.

IN the name of my TRINITY the Goddess of Reason, MAHOMET the Prophet, and PIUS the Pope, we the most great, most magnanimous, and most puissant, BRUTUS ALI NAPOLEONE BONAPARTE, son to a Spy, grandson to a Butcher, and great grandson to a Galley Slave, Emperor of the Gauls, First Consul of France, President of Italy, Landamman of Switzerland, Director of Holland, King of Etruria, Protecter of Emperors, Dictator and Creator of Kings, Electors, Princes, Cardinals, Senators, Generals, Bishops, Prefects, Actors, Schoolmasters, &c. &c. &c. do declare, that notwithstanding the adulation of our Slaves, and their assurances of our immortality, the pangs of our conscience, the decay of our body, the fear of recoiling daggers, the dreadful anticipation of infernal machines emitting fire and smoke invented at Jaffa, and the hissing breath of the poisonous serpents generated at El Arish, remind us that we soon must die, and that our power must die with us. We therefore, according to the *Senatus Consultum* of our free senate, to declare this to be our last Will and Testament, as follows:

IMPRIMIS.

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To our most beloved and dearest IBRAHIM ROSTAN, Mameluke, we give and bequeath after our decease, the crown of Henry IV. the sceptre of St. Louis, and the throne of France and Navarre, the sovereignty and sovereign disposal of the lives and fortunes of thirty millions of Frenchmen, of six millions of Italians, of seven millions of Spaniards, of two millions of Helvetians, and of three millions of Batavians (except as is hereafter excepted); and we enjoin and charge all the world to acknowledge, adore and respect this Mameluke, IBRAHIM ROSTAN, the African, as the natural and legal successor of us BRUTUS ALI NAPOLEONE BONAPARTE, the Corsican.

We give and bequeath in reversion, to Citizen BARRAS, our dear Consort, much improved and more enriched, but reserving to ourselves the disposal of her virtuous Maids of Honour, whom we give and bequeath to our LEGION of HONOUR, as a reward due as well to the virtues of the one, as to the valour of the other.

We give and bequeath to our dearly beloved brother JOSEPH, the Presidency of the Italian Republic, together with our dearly bought Minister Talleyrand, to be disposed of as his own property in all future negociations.

To our dearly beloved brother LUCIEN, we give and bequeath our Batavian Republic, and our Minister Chaptal, who hereafter shall write his speeches, dictate his letters, and correct his spelling.

To our dearly beloved brother LOUIS, we bequeath our Helvetian Republic, and our Minister Berthier, accompanied with the sense of his Secretary Achambau, whose instructions in some time may enable him to become a good corporal of grenadiers.

To our dearly beloved brother JEROME, we bequeath, *in petto*, the sovereignty of the seas, with our ministers of marine, and all the admirals of our navy, doubting, however, if their united efforts will make him a good midshipman.

To our dearly beloved MOTHER, we give and bequeath his Holiness the Pope, and our uncle our Cardinal Frere; with a Pope and a Cardinal in her possession, her stay in purgatory must be short, and in Heaven long.

To our dearly beloved sisters, Mistresses BACCHIOCHI, MURAT, SANTA, CRUCE, and LE CLERC, we give and bequeath our family honours, chastity, modesty, and moderation.

To our dear son-in-law EUGENIUS BEAUHARNOIS, we give and bequeath Parma and Placenza, with our dear countryman Sebastiani, who will instruct him to drive like a coachman, and to ride like a postillion.

To our much beloved daughter-in-law, Madame FANNY BEAUHARNOIS, as a reward for her loyalty, we bequeath a representation in wax of the scaffold of her father and the throne of her mother, both designed by the revolutionary modellers, Barras and Co.

To our dear uncle, our Cardinal FRERE, we give and bequeath the triple crown and keys of St. Peter, *in petto*. and to all our nameless known and unknown relatives, we give and bequeath the kingdom of Etruria, to be disposed of to the highest bidder, and its value laid out in mourning rings, to be equally distributed amongst them and certain Continental Princes hereafter mentioned.

We give and bequeath to our dear friend the King of SPAIN, an Etrurian mourning ring, and four family pictures, representing the Bourbons dethroned, the Bourbons degraded, the Bour-

Bourbons repenting, and the Bourbons forgiving.

We give and bequeath to the King of NAPLES, three marble statues after a model by his Queen, representing Faith, Loyalty, and Constancy; and to the Kings of SARDINIA, we bequeath our promises of honour, to be equally divided amongst them.

We give and bequeath to his Holiness the POPE, the doctrine of the Goddess of Reason, the Alcoran of Mahomet, and the Atheism of our Institute; all true relics; besides to himself, to his successors, and college of Cardinals, we bequeath concordant mourning rings, from the manufactory of our Counsellor of State PORTALIS.

We give and bequeath to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of GERMANY, two drawings representing Hope amongst the ruins of Turkey, and Desire contemplating Bavaria, designed by Citizen DUPE, and sold by Citizen PLOT.

We give and bequeath to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of RUSSIA, three pictures, representing Louis XVI. upon the throne, Louis XVI. in the Temple, and Louis XVI. upon the Scaffold; by Citizens LOYALTY, MONARCHY, and WARNING.

We give and bequeath to our dearest friend the King of PRUSSIA, the landscape of Hanover, with an Imperial Crown in perspective; by Citizens ROYALTY, JACOBIN, and REBEL.

We give and bequeath to our natural Ally the Emperor of the TURKISH EMPIRE, the description of our conquests of Egypt, our flight from Egypt, and our future return to Egypt, by Citizen TREACHERY, COWARDICE, and DESIGN.

We give and bequeath to his Majesty the King of the United Kingdom of GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND, the United Navy of Holland and France, commanded by Citizen ENVY, manned by Citizen COALITION, and lost by Citizen INVASION.

We give and bequeath to his Majesty the King of SWEDEN, the French original representation of the assassination of Gustavus III. to remind him of vengeance, honour, and duty.

We give to our dear friend the King of DENMARK, an original painting of the insults, torments, and death of his Queen Carolina Matilda; designed and executed by two celebrated French artists, Citizens INTRIGUE and CRIME.

We give and bequeath to the Regent of PORTUGAL, a code of our Revolutionary Laws of Nations, and a chapter of the Rebel Etiquette of Grenadier Ambassadors, explained and illustrated by Citizens SANS CULOTTE, RUDENESS, and IMPUDENCE.

We give and bequeath to our friend the Elector of BAVARIA, the Bible of the Theophilanthropes, and the Concordat of Portalis, as an assistance to his patriotic illuminated ministers, in their political reformations and religious innovations.

We give and bequeath to our chosen Grand Master of MALTA, the Musical Opera of the capture of Malta, performed in 1798, with a Concerto by Citizen TREASON, and in 1800 with a *Bravura*, by Citizen VALOUR, with the farcical after-piece of the *Recapture*, performed at Amiens, by Citizens FRAUD and TREATY.

To all other CONTINENTAL SOVEREIGNS, who have accepted more or less of our bountiful indemnities, we give and bequeath our mourning rings of honour, and to all other ambassadors, ministers, agents and deputies, who have negociated, intrigued, bribed or begged indemnities; we give and bequeath with our consciences of honour, the

the revolutionary principles of Necker the ex-minister, the probity and disinterestedness of Talleyrand our minister, and the honour and virtues of Fouche our senator, to be equally divided amongst them, share and share alike.

We give and bequeath to all Sovereigns upon earth, who have acknowledged our Corsican Kingdom of Etruria, and to their ministers and counsellors, *Iron* mourning-rings, from the Axe of the Guillotine of the Luneville manufactory, bearing the following inscription:—"*Monarchy degraded, and Monarchy dishonoured, Feb.* 1801."

We give and bequeath to the Citizens of the Republics in Italy, Switzerland, and Holland, our Corsican mourning-rings, with an inscription, "*Liberty lost*, 1801, *and unavenged* 1803."

N. B. We give and bequeath to the Citizens of the United States of America, the funeral speeches on the tombs of the liberty of France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Holland, translated and published by Citizen Plot, in Louisiana.

To all our Senators, Legislators, Tribunes, Counsellors, Ministers, Generals, Cardinals, Bishops, Prefects, &c. &c. &c. and to all other of our Slaves of every denomination or description, whether Rebel, Royalist, or Regicide Jacobins; either Traitors, Apostates, Murderers, or Plunderers; we give and bequeath the Cannon of St. Napoleone, the dagger of St. Brutus, the poison of St. Ali, the Guillotine of St. Robespierre, and the halter of St. Judas; all true relics, to be equally divided amongst them.

We give and bequeath to the Manes of all the Citizens butchered by us at Toulon, murdered by us at Paris, and poisoned by us in Egypt; our *Confession* to our Cardinal Bishop at Paris, and our *Absolution* from his Holiness the Pope.

We command and desire most earnestly not to be buried in any church or church-yard, in any mosque or pantheon, but in the common sewer of Montmarte, where the corses of our worthy predecessors, Marat and Robespierre, were deposited: but for the quiet of our soul we do order and put into requisition, La Revalliere, high priest to the Goddess of Reason, Mercier, the atheist of the Institute, Amarat, the mufty of Constantinople, and Pius, the pope of Rome, to say prayers over our tomb, and to read "*Domine salvum fac Consulem*," *sic transit Gloria mundi!*

Lastly, to Louis the XVIII. commonly called the Pretender, and to all the Princes of the House of Bourbon, their heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, we give and bequeath our *Everlasting* hate; and it is our further will and pleasure, that if any potentate or power shall harbour the said Louis XVIII. or any of the said princes, such harbouring shall be a good cause of war; and the potentate or power guilty of such humanity and hospitality, shall be punished by a coalition of all Europe, as a violater of the law of nations, and contrary to the rights of man.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hand and seal the 25th day of *Prairial*, in the eleventh year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

B. A. Napoleone Bonaparte.

ADVICE

ADVICE TO THE PEOPLE

of Ireland; delivered in the SPEECH *of Earl* MOIRA, *at the Meeting of the Society of St. Patrick, March* 17, 1803.

I Call to the reflection of my country the fatal examples of all continental Europe at this moment, from which they will see, that every advantage gained by the French nation over others, in the course of the late war, has been principally effected by holding out delusive advantages, and sowing dissensions among those whom they wished to subjugate. I say then to the people of Ireland, "From what has passed, my countrymen, learn to dread the future, and to spurn those specious artifices which have already lured so many other nations to ruin." I would ask the people of Ireland, "What good, in the name of heaven, can any portion or class of you expect from the French?"—*(None, none, none, resounded from every quarter of the room.)* "Is it possible, that after all which has passed in other parts of Europe, there can yet remain any portion of the inhabitants of Ireland such miserable dupes of perverted judgment as still to look towards French fraternity? Or upon what rational ground can such an inclination for one moment exist? Is it with a view to maintain Catholicism?—Advert to the conduct of the First Consul who, boasted (and truly boasted) to the Mussulmans in Egypt, that he had overthrown the power and dominion of the Pope; and who advanced (but did not justly advance), that fact as entitling him to confidence from all the followers of Mahomet. Is it then the support of Protestantism?—The French army destroyed in Egypt by my gallant and noble friend *(Lord Hutchinson)*, did not satisfy itself with triumphing over the communion of the Pope: it was the subversion of his religion, it was the defeat of Christianity, which they urged as proving their qualification for union with the mussulmans. Is it the security of property?—Turn your eyes to Holland, and see her first squeezed almost to exhaustion by contributions, and now for her last stivers, as a forced loan, by French amity.

"Is it independence you seek? Look at Switzerland; contemplate the state of that gallant and once happy people, and let their misery and abasement proclaim how the object would be answered. Is it civil liberty that you have in view?—Look at FRANCE herself. Judge if she could have understood its value, when, after the sacrifice of one of the best of kings that ever graced her throne, and of the most illustrious statesmen and nobles which she possessed; after seas of blood shed in all the varied forms of revolution, after having carried devastation into every country around her, she now crouches under arbitrary sway, and groans beneath a military despotism, the most undisguised that ever insulted a nation; then ponder how she is to have the disposition, or the skill, to secure to another country that which she has not known how to establish for herself. Is it from the bounty of such a nation, that British subjects would hope the improvement of their fortunate condition? Is it possible that any one heart, nurtured in the blessed air of these free and happy islands, can wish to hold freedom by the precarious tenure of French good-will?—*(No! no! no! no!—Bursts of applause.)* Is it possible there can be ONE HEAD SO wretchedly organized, (if it can be capable of reasoning at all),

as not to be convinced, from the palpable evidence of glaring facts, within the last few years, that all the professions of *succour*, of *alliance*, of *protection* to IRELAND, are but invitations to SUBJUGATION, OPPRESSION, and ABJECT SLAVERY? Read the proof in the history of every other nation which has submitted to the pollution of French embraces, or the curse of her insidious and destructive friendship.—*(Loud and repeated peals of approbation.)*

An original Letter to the People of England, on the threatened Invasion: by an ENGLISHMAN.

Without a sign, his sword the good man draws,
And asks no omen but his country's cause.

Aug. 15, 1803.

Fellow-Countrymen,

IT is no news to tell you that your country stands threatened with an invasion from a powerful and exasperated enemy, stimulated by the double motives of the hope of plunder and a thirst for revenge: an enemy, who considers you as opposing the only check to his system of universal conquest, and as preventing him by your *single* arm from extending his ambitious projects over the whole world.

In a contest therefore such as the present, which is for the defence of every thing that is near and dear to us, there cannot be the least *distinction* of interest—we must *all* conquer, or we must *all* fall together. It is not the cause of the rich and the great alone; it is the *common cause* of every class and description of society, who are equally called upon to stand forth in their own defence.

Consider then, I entreat you, the magnitude of the stake for which we are to contend. No visionary scheme of conquest—no idle dream of self-aggrandizement, has led us into the present contest. But we have been compelled to take up arms to defend our country, our property, and our lives, against the threatened attacks of a daring and insolent invader, who envies our boasted independence, and has promised that the plunder of us *all* shall be the reward of a licentious soldiery. Such is the situation in which we stand.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than to suppose that the great would be the only sufferers from a measure of this nature. A moment's reflection will shew the fallacy of such an idea. There is no class of men who have not something to lose. The lower orders have an equally interesting stake with the highest; for a man cannot lose more than his *all*, and whether it consists of much or little, that *all* is equally dear to him. Is not the *cottage* of the peasant as valuable to its owner, as the proudest *palace* of the prince is to its more exalted occupier? I know you have not all of you great fortunes to lose; but you live upon what you have, whether it be the fruits of your labour or the amount of your independent income. Be it which it will, and small as it may be, you live upon it: it keeps you and your family: and I will only ask whether you could live without it? Is it not then the height of folly to say, that "because my income is small, and because my neighbour possesses an ample revenue, that therefore mine is less valuable to me?" No, you will say, mine is of more value for this reason, because his is so great, that if you take much away you will still leave much behind; but if my small and only support ceases, inevitable ruin is the consequence.

But I go still further than this; for I maintain

maintain the great could not become losers without rendering the lower orders sufferers by it. You may be told that *their luxuries* would be diminished; but remember then that *your necessaries* would be lopped off. It may be a luxury to maintain a pack of hounds or keep a carriage; but it gives bread to the man who hunts the one, or who drives the other. Thus the very luxuries of the man of fortune contribute to your support. How are the working orders maintained but by the employment of the rich? How does the labourer gain his twelve shillings a week but in the service of the man of opulence? "This is no great sum," I may be told. But small as it is, it supports him and his family, and he could not live without it. Do you think he could make as good a living if the French were here? Suppose them already in possession of the country, and suppose at the same time (for the one could not take place without the other), that all the great and rich men were destroyed. How are the poorer class to subsist? They could no longer get employment in business as mechanics, artificers, and labourers, in the various trades they had been bred to; for there would be no wealthy men to employ them. And you cannot believe that the French would come to encourage trade and business, and add to that commerce which they already view with envy. There is one way indeed in which you might expect to derive a living through their assistance, and but one: they would draft your young men amongst their forces, and send them to the continent: they would seize every opportunity to arm you one against another; and when both parties had become sufficiently weakened, they would make slaves of you all! This is the change of situation you would experience; and whether it be for the better or worse I leave you to determine.

When the Romans had obtained a footing on this island, it was their constant policy to recruit their legions with the flower of the British youth, and send them to Italy; by which means those that remained were more easily kept in subjection. This is the very plan that the French would adopt: and by the same step recruit their own strength and exhaust yours.

How ridiculous the idea therefore (to say no more), that every class of people would not be equally injured by an invasion! If your situation were to become benefited, it must necessarily add to the importance of the country; and is it likely that the French would do any thing to aid to that power which is already so obnoxious to them.

I know well that contrary arguments have been employed. I am aware that the emissaries of the enemy, ever on the watch to make a tool of the ignorant, and seduce the unwary from their duty, have in more than one instance attempted to poison your minds, in order to effect your easy destruction. I know the most horrid doctrines have at times been broached by those incendiaries, who have, however, I am happy to say, been generally discomfited by your superior judgment and good sense. It is impossible for you not to perceive, in the horrid outrages which have just taken place in a SISTER KINGDOM, the finger of the arch fiend endeavouring to plan your ruin. It is impossible not to be sensible from what has already happened how much you would have to thank him for, if his schemes had not been detected.

These incendiaries (if any remain amongst you), watching like the tempter at the ear of our first parent, may tell you that "if the present great men of

of the kingdom were deprived of their estates, they would be divided amongst you." But can you for a moment suffer yourselves to be the dupes of such a shallow artifice? What constitutes power, but possession? And if their estates were actually transferred to you, you would become just as powerful as the former possessors were, and consequently as much an object of dread to your invaders. No: I will tell you what they would do with them. They would divide your estates amongst their own people, in order to keep you in good order and control. You might not like this treatment, it is true. But how could you alter it? You would find you must kiss the rod that was held over you, without daring to repine. Your cottage would be the habitation of your conqueror—your wife and daughters would be selected for the gratification of his lust—and yourself and your sons might serve him as slaves.

It is impossible, therefore, but you must perceive that the poorest and lowest individual must suffer in the event of a successful invasion. The support of labour, and the encouragement of trade, must come through the rich; and if they fall, the poor must fall likewise: for how is the labourer to live by his work, when there is no longer any body to employ him?

But example is better than a multitude of words. The French tell you "they will come as your friends." Let us see what has been their conduct in similar instances before. Look at Belgium, look at Italy: are the Belgians, or the Italians, profited by their interposition? It is true they paid taxes before; but what were those in comparison of the extortions put upon them by the French? Look again at the poor Swiss; and if you wish for a still more recent example, recollect the Turks; or behold even now the Hanoverians, and then ask yourselves how you would feel as Englishmen in their situation? And yet the French have the hardihood to style themselves the "friends of freedom, and of the human race." This is the proof of their friendship which they are so desirous of extending to you. They would encourage you to massacre one another, that they might plunder you all the more easily.

I will lay before you, from history, a proof of their readiness to assist us on any internal difference, and the views with which they offer it. French perfidy has been notorious and proverbial for ages, and their conduct has ever proved the appellation just.

During the contest which took place in this country between King JOHN and the Barons, the latter being reduced at one period to great straits, applied to the King of France for assistance; at the same time informing him that if he would send the Prince LEWIS his son with a sufficient force to liberate them from the oppression of JOHN, they would set the crown of England upon his head. In pursuance of this invitation LEWIS arrived in England with a considerable force, and, by the assistance of the Barons who had invited him, quickly became possessed not only of the metropolis, but of the greater part of England.

The English however soon perceived that they were excluded from every place of trust, and the rewards distributed amongst the foreigners, who alone engrossed the confidence and affection of the Prince. Their own lawful inheritances were conferred upon the followers of LEWIS, whom they had sent for to their assistance, as if the English had no right to the conquests they were making.

Turn the bright historic page!
Still in Glory's tented field
Albion's arms for many an age
Have taught proud Gallia's bands to yield.
Are not WE the sons of those
Whose steel-clad sires pursued the insulting foes
E'en to the centre of their wide domain,
And bow'd them to a Briton's reign?*

Kings in modest triumph led,
Graced the SABLE VICTOR'S arms;†
His conquering lance, the battle's dread;—
His courtesy the conquer'd charms.
The lion heart soft pity knows,
To raise with soothing cares his prostrate foes;
The vanquish'd head true valour ne'er oppress,
Nor shunn'd to succour the distress.

Spirit of great ELIZABETH! inspire
High thoughts, high deeds, worthy our ancient fame:
Breathe through our ardent ranks the patriot fire
Kindled at Freedom's ever hallow'd flame;
Baffled and scorn'd, the Iberian tyrant found,
Though half a world his iron sceptre bound,
The gallant Amazon could sweep away,
Arm'd with her people's love, the "*Invincible*" array.‖

The BOLD USURPER§ firmly held
The sword, by splendid treasons gain'd;
And Gallia's fiery genius quell'd,
And Spain's presumptuous claims restrain'd:
When lust of sway by flattery fed,
To vent'rous deeds the youthful Monarch** led,
In the full flow of victory's swelling tide
Britain check'd his power and pride.

To the great Batavian's name*†*
Ceaseless hymns of triumph raise!
Scourge of tyrants! let his fame
Live in songs of grateful praise.
Thy turrets, Blenheim, glittering to the sun,
Tell of bright fields*§* from warlike Gallia won;
Tell how the mighty Monarch mourn'd in vain
His impious wish the world to chain.

* Hen. VI. crowned at Paris. † The Black Prince.
‖ The Spanish Armada. § Oliver Cromwell. ** Louis XIV.
† William III. *§* Blenheim, Ramilies, &c.

And

And ye fam'd Heroes, late retir'd to heaven,
Whose setting glories still the skies illume,
Bend from the blissful seats to virtue given—
Avert your long-defended country's doom.
Earth from her utmost bounds shall wondering tell
How victory's meed ye gain'd, or conquering fell;
Britain's dread thunders bore from pole to pole,
Wherever man is found, or refluent oceans roll.

Names embalm'd in honour's shrine,
Sacred to immortal praise,
Patterns of glory, born to shine
In breathing arts or pictur'd lays:
See WOLFE, by yielding numbers prest,
Expiring smile, and sink on Victory's breast! ‡
See Minden's plains and Biscay's § billowy bay
Deeds of deathless fame display.

O! tread with awe the sacred gloom **
Patriot Virtue's last retreat;
Where Glory, on the trophied tomb
Joys their merit to repeat;
There CHATHAM lies, whose master-hand
Guided, through seven bright years, the mighty band
That round *his* urn, where grateful memory weeps,
Each in his hallow'd marble sleeps.

Her brand accurs'd when civil discord hurl'd, *†*
Britain alone th' united world withstood,
Rodney his fortune-favour'd sails unfurl'd,
And led *three* nation's chiefs to Thames's flood.
Firm on his *rock* the Veteran Hero*§* stands;
Beneath his feet unheeded thunders roar;
Smiling in scorn he sees the glittering bands
Fly with repulse and shame old Calpe's hopeless shore.

Heirs or partners of *their* toils,
Matchless heroes* still we own;
Crown'd with honourable spoils
From the leagued nations won.
On their high prows they proudly stand
The god-like guardians of their native land;
Lords of the mighty deep triumphant ride,
Wealth and victory at their side.

‡ At Quebec. § Hawke. ** Westminster Abbey. *†* American War.
§ Lord Heathfield. * Cornwallis; Nelson; Smith; Warren; &c.

Loyal, bold, and generous bands,†
Strenuous in their country's cause,
Guard their cultivated lands,
Their altars, liberties, and laws.
On his firm deep-founded throne
Great BRUNSWICK sits, a name to fear unknown;
With brow erect commands the glorious strife,
Unaw'd, and prodigal of life.

Sons of fair Freedom's long-descended line,
To Gallia's yoke shall Britons bend the neck—
No; in *her* cause though fate and hell combine
To bury all in universal wreck,
Of this fair isle to make one dreary waste,
Her greatness in her ruins only traced:
Arts, commerce, arms, sunk in one common grave—
The man who dares to die, will never live a slave!

Anti-Jacobin.

† Volunteers.

BONAPARTE's WILL.

IN the name of my TRINITY the Goddess of Reason, MAHOMET the Prophet, and PIUS the Pope, we the most great, most magnanimous, and most puissant, BRUTUS ALI NAPOLEONE BONAPARTE, son to a Spy, grandson to a Butcher, and great grandson to a Galley Slave, Emperor of the Gauls, First Consul of France, President of Italy, Landamman of Switzerland, Director of Holland, King of Etruria, Protecter of Emperors, Dictator and Creator of Kings, Electors, Princes, Cardinals, Senators, Generals, Bishops, Prefects, Actors, Schoolmasters, &c. &c. &c. do declare, that notwithstanding the adulation of our Slaves, and their assurances of our immortality, the pangs of our conscience, the decay of our body, the fear of recoiling daggers, the dreadful anticipation of infernal machines emitting fire and smoke invented at Jaffa, and the hissing breath of the poisonous serpents generated at El Arish, remind us that we soon must die, and that our power must die with us. We therefore, according to the *Senatus Consultum* of our free senate, to declare this to be our last Will and Testament, as follows:

IMPRIMIS.

IMPRIMIS,

To our most beloved and dearest IBRAHIM ROSTAN, Mameluke, we give and bequeath after our decease, the crown of Henry IV. the sceptre of St. Louis, and the throne of France and Navarre, the sovereignty and sovereign disposal of the lives and fortunes of thirty millions of Frenchmen, of six millions of Italians, of seven millions of Spaniards, of two millions of Helvetians, and of three millions of Batavians (except as is hereafter excepted); and we enjoin and charge all the world to acknowledge, adore and respect this Mameluke, IBRAHIM ROSTAN, the African, as the natural and legal successor of us BRUTUS ALI NAPOLEONE BONAPARTE, the Corsican.

We give and bequeath in reversion, to Citizen BARRAS, our dear Consort, much improved and more enriched, but reserving to ourselves the disposal of her virtuous Maids of Honour, whom we give and bequeath to our LEGION of HONOUR, as a reward due as well to the virtues of the one, as to the valour of the other.

We give and bequeath to our dearly beloved brother JOSEPH, the Presidency of the Italian Republic, together with our dearly bought Minister Talleyrand, to be disposed of as his own property in all future negociations.

To our dearly beloved brother LUCIEN, we give and bequeath our Batavian Republic, and our Minister Chaptal, who hereafter shall write his speeches, dictate his letters, and correct his spelling.

To our dearly beloved brother LOUIS, we bequeath our Helvetian Republic, and our Minister Berthier, accompanied with the sense of his Secretary Achambau, whose instructions in some time may enable him to become a good corporal of grenadiers.

To our dearly beloved brother JEROME, we bequeath, *in petto*, the sovereignty of the seas, with our ministers of marine, and all the admirals of our navy, doubting, however, if their united efforts will make him a good midshipman.

To our dearly beloved MOTHER, we give and bequeath his Holiness the Pope, and our uncle our Cardinal Frere; with a Pope and a Cardinal in her possession, her stay in purgatory must be short, and in Heaven long.

To our dearly beloved sisters, Mistresses BACCHIOCHI, MURAT, SANTA, CRUCE, and LE CLERC, we give and bequeath our family honours, chastity, modesty, and moderation.

To our dear son-in-law EUGENIUS BEAUHARNOIS, we give and bequeath Parma and Placenza, with our dear countryman Sebastiani, who will instruct him to drive like a coachman, and to ride like a postillion.

To our much beloved daughter-in-law, Madame FANNY BEAUHARNOIS, as a reward for her loyalty, we bequeath a representation in wax of the scaffold of her father and the throne of her mother, both designed by the revolutionary modellers, Barras and Co.

To our dear uncle, our Cardinal FRERE, we give and bequeath the triple crown and keys of St. Peter, *in petto*, and to all our nameless known and unknown relatives, we give and bequeath the kingdom of Etruria, to be disposed of to the highest bidder, and its value laid out in mourning rings, to be equally distributed amongst them and certain Continental Princes hereafter mentioned.

We give and bequeath to our dear friend the King of SPAIN, an Etrurian mourning ring, and four family pictures, representing the Bourbons dethroned, the Bourbons degraded, the Bour-

Bourbons repenting, and the Bourbons forgiving.

We give and bequeath to the King of NAPLES, three marble statues after a model by his Queen, representing Faith, Loyalty, and Constancy; and to the Kings of SARDINIA, we bequeath our promises of honour, to be equally divided amongst them.

We give and bequeath to his Holiness the POPE, the doctrine of the Goddess of Reason, the Alcoran of Mahomet, and the Atheism of our Institute; all true relics; besides to himself, to his successors, and college of Cardinals, we bequeath concordant mourning rings, from the manufactory of our Counsellor of State PORTALIS.

We give and bequeath to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of GERMANY, two drawings representing Hope amongst the ruins of Turkey, and Desire contemplating Bavaria, designed by Citizen DUPE, and sold by Citizen PLOT.

We give and bequeath to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of RUSSIA, three pictures, representing Louis XVI. upon the throne, Louis XVI. in the Temple, and Louis XVI. upon the Scaffold; by Citizens LOYALTY, MONARCHY, and WARNING.

We give and bequeath to our dearest friend the King of PRUSSIA, the landscape of Hanover, with an Imperial Crown in perspective; by Citizens ROYALTY, JACOBIN, and REBEL.

We give and bequeath to our natural Ally the Emperor of the TURKISH EMPIRE, the description of our conquests of Egypt, our flight from Egypt, and our future return to Egypt, by Citizen TREACHERY, COWARDICE, and DESIGN.

We give and bequeath to his Majesty the King of the United Kingdom of GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND, the United Navy of Holland and France, commanded by Citizen ENVY, manned by Citizen COALITION, and lost by Citizen INVASION.

We give and bequeath to his Majesty the King of SWEDEN, the French original representation of the assassination of Gustavus III. to remind him of vengeance, honour, and duty.

We give to our dear friend the King of DENMARK, an original painting of the insults, torments, and death of his Queen Carolina Matilda; designed and executed by two celebrated French artists, Citizens INTRIGUE and CRIME.

We give and bequeath to the Regent of PORTUGAL, a code of our Revolutionary Laws of Nations, and a chapter of the Rebel Etiquette of Grenadier Ambassadors, explained and illustrated by Citizens SANS CULOTTE, RUDENESS, and IMPUDENCE.

We give and bequeath to our friend the Elector of BAVARIA, the Bible of the Theophilanthropes, and the Concordat of Portalis, as an assistance to his patriotic illuminated ministers, in their political reformations and religious innovations.

We give and bequeath to our chosen Grand Master of MALTA, the Musical Opera of the capture of Malta, performed in 1798, with a Concerto by Citizen TREASON, and in 1800 with a *Bravura*, by Citizen VALOUR, with the farcical after-piece of the *Recapture*, performed at Amiens, by Citizens FRAUD and TREATY.

To all other CONTINENTAL SOVEREIGNS, who have accepted more or less of our bountiful indemnities, we give and bequeath our mourning rings of honour, and to all other ambassadors, ministers, agents and deputies, who have negociated, intrigued, bribed or begged indemnities; we give and bequeath with our consciences of honour,

the

the revolutionary principles of Necker the ex-minister, the probity and disinterestedness of Talleyrand our minister, and the honour and virtues of Fouche our senator, to be equally divided amongst them, share and share alike.

We give and bequeath to all SOVEREIGNS upon earth, who have acknowledged our Corsican Kingdom of Etruria, and to their ministers and counsellors, *Iron* mourning-rings, from the Axe of the Guillotine of the Luneville manufactory, bearing the following inscriptton:—"*Monarchy degraded, and Monarchy dishonoured, Feb.* 1801."

We give and bequeath to the CITIZENS of the REPUBLICS in ITALY, SWITZERLAND, and HOLLAND, our Corsican mourning-rings, with an inscription, "*Liberty lost*, 1801, *and unavenged* 1803."

N. B. We give and bequeath to the CITIZENS of the UNITED STATES of AMERICA, the funeral speeches on the tombs of the liberty of France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Holland, translated and published by Citizen PLOT, in Louisiana.

To all our SENATORS, LEGISLATORS, TRIBUNES, COUNSELLORS, MINISTERS, GENERALS, CARDINALS, BISHOPS, PREFECTS, &c. &c. &c. and to all other of our SLAVES of every denomination or description, whether REBEL, ROYALIST, or REGICIDE JACOBINS; either TRAITORS, APOSTATES, MURDERERS, or PLUNDERERS; we give and bequeath the Cannon of St. Napoleone, the dagger of St. Brutus, the poison of St. Ali, the Guillotine of St. Robespierre, and the halter of St. Judas; all true relics, to be equally divided amongst them.

We give and bequeath to the Manes of all the Citizens butchered by us at Toulon, murdered by us at Paris, and poisoned by us in Egypt; our *Confession* to our Cardinal Bishop at Paris, and our *Absolution* from his Holiness the Pope.

We command and desire most earnestly not to be buried in any church or church-yard, in any mosque or pantheon, but in the common sewer of Montmarte, where the corses of our worthy predecessors, Marat and Robespierre, were deposited: but for the quiet of our soul we do order and put into requisition, La Revalliere, high priest to the Goddess of Reason, Mercier, the atheist of the Institute, Amarat, the mufty of Constantinople, and Pius, the pope of Rome, to say prayers over our tomb, and to read "*Domine salvum fac Consulem*," *sic transit Gloria mundi!*

Lastly, to LOUIS the XVIII. commonly called the Pretender, and to all the Princes of the House of Bourbon, their heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, we give and bequeath our *Everlasting* hate; and it is our further will and pleasure, that if any potentate or power shall harbour the said Louis XVIII. or any of the said princes, such harbouring shall be a good cause of war; and the potentate or power guilty of such humanity and hospitality, shall be punished by a coalition of all Europe, as a violater of the law of nations, and contrary to the rights of man.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hand and seal the 25th day of *Prairial*, in the eleventh year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

B. A. NAPOLEONE BONAPARTE.

ADVICE

ADVICE TO THE PEOPLE

of Ireland; delivered in the SPEECH *of Earl* MOIRA, *at the Meeting of the Society of St. Patrick, March* 17, 1803.

I Call to the reflection of my country the fatal examples of all continental Europe at this moment, from which they will see, that every advantage gained by the French nation over others, in the course of the late war, has been principally effected by holding out delusive advantages, and sowing dissensions among those whom they wished to subjugate. I say then to the people of Ireland, "From what has passed, my countrymen, learn to dread the future, and to spurn those specious artifices which have already lured so many other nations to ruin." I would ask the people of Ireland, "What good, in the name of heaven, can any portion or class of you expect from the French?"—*(None, none, none, resounded from every quarter of the room.)* "Is it possible, that after all which has passed in other parts of Europe, there can yet remain any portion of the inhabitants of Ireland such miserable dupes of perverted judgment as still to look towards French fraternity? Or upon what rational ground can such an inclination for one moment exist? Is it with a view to maintain Catholicism?—Advert to the conduct of the First Consul who, boasted (and truly boasted) to the Mussulmans in Egypt, that he had overthrown the power and dominion of the Pope; and who advanced (but did not justly advance) that fact as entitling him to confidence from all the followers of Mahomet. Is it then the support of Protestantism?—The French army destroyed in Egypt by my gallant and noble friend *(Lord Hutchinson)*, did not satisfy itself with triumphing over the communion of the Pope: it was the subversion of his religion, it was the defeat of Christianity, which they urged as proving their qualification for union with the mussulmans. Is it the security of property?—Turn your eyes to Holland, and see her first squeezed almost to exhaustion by contributions, and now for her last stivers, as a forced loan, by French amity.

"Is it independence you seek? Look at Switzerland; contemplate the state of that gallant and once happy people, and let their misery and abasement proclaim how the object would be answered. Is it civil liberty that you have in view?—Look at FRANCE herself. Judge if she could have understood its value, when, after the sacrifice of one of the best of kings that ever graced her throne, and of the most illustrious statesmen and nobles which she possessed; after seas of blood shed in all the varied forms of revolution, after having carried devastation into every country around her, she now crouches under arbitrary sway, and groans beneath a military despotism, the most undisguised that ever insulted a nation; then ponder how she is to have the disposition, or the skill, to secure to another country that which she has not known how to establish for herself. Is it from the bounty of such a nation, that British subjects would hope the improvement of their fortunate condition? Is it possible that any one heart, nurtured in the blessed air of these free and happy islands, can wish to hold freedom by the precarious tenure of French good-will?—*(No! no! no! no!—Bursts of applause.)* Is it possible there can be ONE HEAD SO wretchedly organized (if it can be capable of reasoning at all),

as not to be convinced, from the palpable evidence of glaring facts, within the last few years, that all the professions of *succour*, of *alliance*, of *protection* to IRELAND, are but invitations to SUBJUGATION, OPPRESSION, and ABJECT SLAVERY? Read the proof in the history of every other nation which has submitted to the pollution of French embraces, or the curse of her insidious and destructive friendship.—*(Loud and repeated peals of approbation.)*

An original Letter to the People of England, on the threatened Invasion: by an ENGLISHMAN.

Without a sign, his sword the good man draws,
And asks no omen but his country's cause.

Aug. 15, 1803.

Fellow-Countrymen,

IT is no news to tell you that your country stands threatened with an invasion from a powerful and exasperated enemy, stimulated by the double motives of the hope of plunder and a thirst for revenge: an enemy, who considers you as opposing the only check to his system of universal conquest, and as preventing him by your *single* arm from extending his ambitious projects over the whole world.

In a contest therefore such as the present, which is for the defence of every thing that is near and dear to us, there cannot be the least *distinction* of interest—we must *all* conquer, or we must *all* fall together. It is not the cause of the rich and the great alone; it is the *common cause* of every class and description of society, who are equally called upon to stand forth in their own defence.

Consider then, I entreat you, the magnitude of the stake for which we are to contend. No visionary scheme of conquest—no idle dream of self-aggrandizement, has led us into the present contest. But we have been compelled to take up arms to defend our country, our property, and our lives, against the threatened attacks of a daring and insolent invader, who envies our boasted independence, and has promised that the plunder of us *all* shall be the reward of a licentious soldiery. Such is the situation in which we stand.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than to suppose that the great would be the only sufferers from a measure of this nature. A moment's reflection will shew the fallacy of such an idea. There is no class of men who have not something to lose. The lower orders have an equally interesting stake with the highest; for a man cannot lose more than his *all*, and whether it consists of much or little, that *all* is equally dear to him. Is not the *cottage* of the peasant as valuable to its owner, as the proudest *palace* of the prince is to its more exalted occupier? I know you have not all of you great fortunes to lose; but you live upon what you have, whether it be the fruits of your labour or the amount of your independent income. Be it which it will, and small as it may be, you live upon it: it keeps you and your family: and I will only ask whether you could live without it? Is it not then the height of folly to say, that "because my income is small, and because my neighbour possesses an ample revenue, that therefore mine is less valuable to me?" No, you will say, mine is of more value for this reason, because his is so great, that if you take much away you will still leave much behind; but if my small and only support ceases, inevitable ruin is the consequence.

But I go still further than this; for I maintain

maintain the great could not become losers without rendering the lower orders sufferers by it. You may be told that *their luxuries* would be diminished; but remember then that *your necessaries* would be lopped off. It may be a luxury to maintain a pack of hounds or keep a carriage; but it gives bread to the man who hunts the one, or who drives the other. Thus the very luxuries of the man of fortune contribute to your support. How are the working orders maintained but by the employment of the rich? How does the labourer gain his twelve shillings a week but in the service of the man of opulence? "This is no great sum," I may be told. But small as it is, it supports him and his family, and he could not live without it. Do you think he could make as good a living if the French were here? Suppose them already in possession of the country, and suppose at the same time (for the one could not take place without the other), that all the great and rich men were destroyed. How are the poorer class to subsist? They could no longer get employment in business as mechanics, artificers, and labourers, in the various trades they had been bred to; for there would be no wealthy men to employ them. And you cannot believe that the French would come to encourage trade and business, and add to that commerce which they already view with envy. There is one way indeed in which you might expect to derive a living through their assistance, and but one: they would draft your young men amongst their forces, and send them to the continent: they would seize every opportunity to arm you one against another; and when both parties had become sufficiently weakened, they would make slaves of you all! This is the change of situation you would experience; and whether it be for the better or worse I leave you to determine.

When the Romans had obtained a footing on this island, it was their constant policy to recruit their legions with the flower of the British youth, and send them to Italy; by which means those that remained were more easily kept in subjection. This is the very plan that the French would adopt: and by the same step recruit their own strength and exhaust yours.

How ridiculous the idea therefore (to say no more), that every class of people would not be equally injured by an invasion! If your situation were to become benefited, it must necessarily add to the importance of the country; and is it likely that the French would do any thing to add to that power which is already so obnoxious to them.

I know well that contrary arguments have been employed. I am aware that the emissaries of the enemy, ever on the watch to make a tool of the ignorant, and seduce the unwary from their duty, have in more than one instance attempted to poison your minds, in order to effect your easy destruction. I know the most horrid doctrines have at times been broached by those incendiaries, who have, however, I am happy to say, been generally discomfited by your superior judgment and good sense. It is impossible for you not to perceive, in the horrid outrages which have just taken place in a SISTER KINGDOM, the finger of the arch fiend endeavouring to plan your ruin. It is impossible not to be sensible from what has already happened how much you would have to thank him for, if his schemes had not been detected.

These incendiaries (if any remain amongst you), watching like the tempter at the ear of our first parent, may tell you that "if the present great men of

of the kingdom were deprived of their estates, they would be divided amongst you." But can you for a moment suffer yourselves to be the dupes of such a shallow artifice? What constitutes power, but possession? And if their estates were actually transferred to you, you would become just as powerful as the former possessors were, and consequently as much an object of dread to your invaders. No: I will tell you what they would do with them. They would divide your estates amongst their own people, in order to keep you in good order and control. You might not like this treatment, it is true, But how could you alter it? You would find you must kiss the rod that was held over you, without daring to repine. Your cottage would be the habitation of your conqueror—your wife and daughters would be selected for the gratification of his lust—and yourself and your sons might serve him as slaves.

It is impossible, therefore, but you must perceive that the poorest and lowest individual must suffer in the event of a successful invasion. The support of labour, and the encouragement of trade, must come through the rich; and if they fall, the poor must fall likewise: for how is the labourer to live by his work, when there is no longer any body to employ him?

But example is better than a multitude of words. The French tell you "they will come as your friends." Let us see what has been their conduct in similar instances before. Look at Belgium, look at Italy: are the Belgians, or the Italians, profited by their interposition? It is true they paid taxes before; but what were those in comparison of the extortions put upon them by the French? Look again at the poor Swiss; and if you wish for a still more recent example, recollect the Turks; or behold even now the Hanoverians, and then ask yourselves how you would feel as Englishmen in their situation? And yet the French have the hardihood to style themselves the "friends of freedom, and of the human race." This is the proof of their friendship which they are so desirous of extending to you. They would encourage you to massacre one another, that they might plunder you all the more easily.

I will lay before you, from history, a proof of their readiness to assist us on any internal difference, and the views with which they offer it. French perfidy has been notorious and proverbial for ages, and their conduct has ever proved the appellation just.

During the contest which took place in this country between King JOHN and the Barons, the latter being reduced at one period to great straits, applied to the King of France for assistance; at the same time informing him that if he would send the Prince LEWIS his son with a sufficient force to liberate them from the oppression of JOHN, they would set the crown of England upon his head. In pursuance of this invitation LEWIS arrived in England with a considerable force, and, by the assistance of the Barons who had invited him, quickly became possessed not only of the metropolis, but of the greater part of England.

The English however soon perceived that they were excluded from every place of trust, and the rewards distributed amongst the foreigners, who alone engrossed the confidence and affection of the Prince. Their own lawful inheritances were conferred upon the followers of LEWIS, whom they had sent for to their assistance, as if the English had no right to the conquests they were making.

The suspicions of treachery which these circumstances could not fail to occasion, received a confirmation from a discovery that was made shortly after, and which forced the Barons to think of their own safety. The VISCOUNT DE MELUN, one of LEWIS's prime confidents, being seized with a mortal disorder in London, caused such of the Barons as were posted there for the security of the city to be sent for. When they came, he told them he could not forbear discovering to them a secret which lay heavy upon his conscience, and if longer concealed from the English would infallibly occasion their utter destruction. Then he disclosed to them that the Prince was resolved to banish all the Barons who had given him an invitation to come over. This resolution, he added, was taken in a council of sixteen French Lords (of whom he was one), and confirmed by the Prince with an oath!

This secret being known had the greater effect, as it agreed with the suspicions they had already conceived of the French. Thenceforth many began to repent of calling in the foreigners, and seriously to think of returning to the obedience of their Sovereign. No less than forty gave the King assurance of their good intention; and LEWIS's party becoming daily more and more weakened, he was compelled to quit the kingdom after experiencing some considerable defeats.

We have also another and a later instance of the kindness of the French towards us, in their behaviour to the house of STUART, who were banished this country for their endeavours to subvert the Constitution, and introduce a despotic government in the room of it. How often did they assist the Pretender in his attempts upon this country, and give him every encouragement in their power? Will this too be urged as a proof of their friendship? It certainly was a part of the same policy that would induce their interference now, namely, to foment divisions among us, and aggrandize themselves at our expence.

These instances I urge not to stimulate a national hatred, but in order to shew us that we ought to be upon our guard. I would distrust their professions, as I would take precautions against their threats. I would be suspicious of a Frenchman even with a flag of truce in his hand. I know that they regard us with jealousy, and I would not give them an opportunity to do us any harm.

As a further instance of their perfidy, I will mention to you a circumstance not generally known, but certainly true. Before our Ambassador LORD WHITWORTH had left Paris, and whilst Bonaparte was endeavouring to cajole him to stay there, that crafty tyrant was not only making active preparations for the very invasion with which we are now menaced, but had really sent dispatches to some of his foreign possessions with instructions for them how to act.

The object of France, and it may be politic for them, is to crush the power of Great Britain; for they know if they could once succeed in that point they must become masters of the world. They would deprive her of all influence as a state, annihilate her trade and commerce, and impoverish her people. This is the point they are striving at, and will strain every nerve to accomplish. They would deprive us of our so long enjoyed dominion over the sea, which as they cannot effect by a contest upon that element, they are now attempting by other means,

means. "Carthage must be destroyed," said the Roman senators, who saw their own state would be always eclipsed by so powerful a rival; "England must be destroyed," say the French, who feel the effects of her strength. But though the one prediction was fulfilled, I do not think there is much danger to be apprehended from the other. As long as we remain united and true to ourselves, we never need to fear the threats or the attacks of France.

There is no doubt they would be very glad to create, if possible, a quarrel between the people and the government of this country; nor is the reason difficult to be seen through. The government, supported as it is by the people, is too hard for them; they find we are not to be conquered when acting together, but they are in hopes, that if they once could stir up the one against the other, which ever party succeeded would necessarily become so weakened by the contest, they would easily be able to crush them both afterwards. A nation without a systematic government, would be like an army without a general; a mere body without a head, devoid of all energy, and incapable of self-defence.

As to the probability of the French being able to succeed in an attempt to invade us, there is none at all, as long as we are unanimous in our defence. Grant that they shall even be able to land an army—what then? are we conquered because they have touched the English soil? Will the courage of an Englishman be less conspicuous, or the strength of his arm less formidable, because he is fighting upon his *own* ground? Let us once more recur to example. When the French Prince LEWIS, in the reign of King JOHN, was in the island, in order to assist the Barons, as he pretended, the Metropolis, and most of the southern parts of the kingdom, besides several other places of importance, were already in his power. He had gotten what would be called a *firm footing* in the country, but he could not hold it. He was driven out again, notwithstanding all the advantages which he possessed. You see then, my countrymen, it is not so easy an affair to conquer England; France has made the attempt more than once, and has found it impracticable. Should she make another essay, I trust the result will prove the same.

If the idea of self-interests, therefore, has induced any one for a moment to entertain such a question as, "whether they would be worse off if the French were to come?" I think I have shewn that he is completely deceived upon his own principles. "What have I to do with wars?" it is very easy for the cottager to exclaim, as he is smoaking in his hut: "I shall get nothing, if we are successful to the utmost point of expectation, and here am I paying taxes to support a contest that I am not concerned in." But he would do well to recollect, that we are not struggling for what we can get, but to maintain what we already have; and, therefore, if he gets nothing additional, yet he retains what he now has, which, without a contest for it, he could not preserve; and that contest is not to be supported without taxes. It is the price which he pays for the preservation of his cottage, his family, and the means of smoaking his pipe.

Thus have I met the argument fairly, and discussed it with temper. I will now consider it in a moral point of view; and surely a crime of higher magnitude than treason it is impossible for a human being to imagine. I have likewise no hesitation to declare, that whoever

whoever holds out such a doctrine as non-resistance to an enemy in case of an invasion, upon the grounds that the people cannot be worse off than they now are, is a most false and infamous traitor.

On the score of national honour I could say much. But what would the shades of our ancestors think (who maintained the sovereignty of England on the plains of Agincourt and Cressy, and carried their victorious arms even to the gates of Paris), could they suspect their sons of an inclination tamely to bow their necks beneath a Gallic yoke? How indignant would they feel at seeing men for whose freedom they had bled, voluntarily delivering themselves up to become slaves!

Besides, treason is a very bad speculation, and always disappoints the contrivers of it. However agreeable the treason may be, yet we must always be suspicious of the traitors. The man who has betrayed his country to a foreign power may act the same treachery over again with that power. No confidence, therefore, will ever be placed in him, and he will be as detestable to those whom he has served, as he is to those whom he has betrayed.

In order that we may be the better prepared to resist an invasion when it is attempted, military associations are forming throughout the kingdom, in such a manner as to give every inhabitant of respectable character an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the use of arms, and at the same time without interfering with his daily occupation. And it is incumbent on every such man, who has no peculiar impediment, to belong to one or other of these corps. Even inactivity is a crime when the country is in danger. These associations too will have this double good effect; that they will be of real service in case of emergency, and will likewise shew the French what resistance they are to expect from us, when we are contending for our country and our homes.

Another idle notion has been circulated with a mischievous intention, that the French would be supported by some leading men here. Such a report is scarcely deserving of a serious answer. However they may differ in their idea of politics amongst one another, yet all party interest is done away upon the present occasion. There is no man in the foremost ranks of opposition, violent as he may be, and displeased with Ministers at times, but would oppose an invasion to the very utmost of his power. Are they not men of property, of family, and dignity, in the kingdom? Are they not Englishmen, and have they not an equal stake with others to defend or to lose? Whenever you hear the contrary asserted, be upon your guard; for, depend upon it, the man who could broach so infamous a doctrine to you has some bad design. What did Mr. SHERIDAN tell you himself, some time back, when he spoke the sentiments of that party? He told you that you must be vigilant, and upon your guard; he told you that you must arm in your defence, for that you might perhaps be obliged to struggle for your existence. He told you, that France thirsted after the blood, the marrow, and the bones of Great Britain, and would think no sacrifice too great to obtain her desire. He told you, therefore, that you must step forward in the defence of your country, that your services were due to her, and she might command them if they were not offered.

Perhaps

Perhaps I ought to apologize for thus occupying your time when I consider that I am addressing Englishmen, and calling upon them to protect their wives and daughters, and their very homes, from an insolent invader; and that I am exhorting them to defend their native country, and maintain that Constitution which has rendered her the pride and envy of the world.

We are likely to have a severe struggle, it is true; but, as I said before, we are not contesting now for the limits of an empire, or the semblance of authority; we are to contend for our country, our constitution, our property, and our existence; we are to defend every thing that is near and dear to us; and we are to decide whether we will continue free, or become slaves. This is no contemptible stake; and as long as we are unanimous in our defence, we need not be appalled at any danger. We must resist a cruel and overbearing enemy, who is exerting himself to crush us entirely. Such a contest cannot be maintained without great exertions; the burdens it imposes on us we feel full sore; and perhaps we may have many additional ones before it is ended; but it is no longer a question of policy, but a matter of dire necessity. *Self-defence* must be our watchword. Besides, it is not to last for ever; such is the nature of our present exertions, that they will cease when the cause that now requires them no longer exists. Our contributions, though excessive, are only for the time of danger; and our firmness in the present instance may be the means of procuring a peace that will enable us to rise superior to the calamities which now oppress us; and we may become once more flourishing and great.

But depend upon it, if we suffer France ONCE to gain an ascendancy over us, the sun of British independence is set for ever; the richest and the poorest from that instant are entirely ruined; the very character of an Englishman would be lost, and England, which is now the envy and admiration of the world, would dwindle into a degraded province, subject to every indignity that her haughty conqueror might chuse to put upon her, and become a mere cypher in the political scale!

AN ENGLISHMAN.

Loyalist.

Union and Watchfulness, BRITAIN'S TRUE AND ONLY SECURITY:

A few words to every British Subject inculcating this very important idea.

WE are fearless in War when happy in a King who reigns in the hearts of his People; and while he is beloved, honoured, and revered for his benevolence and clemency, we exclaim with M. Aurelius, "That where virtue hath acquired the love and affections of the subjects, there can be no want of men or treasure."

Self-interest, the bane of all great, and patriotic measures, must not be known, not even by name; for a King is never so rich as when he hath his People's hearts, nor they so happy as when for the Public good they cheerfully tender their persons and purses.

When menaced by an enemy, it becomes the duty of the threatened, to be on their guard and to strengthen themselves by every act of union against the common oppressor; especially HIM whose characteristic is never to want pretences

pretences of offence when they serve the purpose of insuring plunder; especially HIM who *cannot* err, but yet is never true to his promises, and is never destitute of insidious arts to inveigle the unsuspecting; especially HIM, who is like the wily fox and ravening wolf, that subject all to their devouring fangs they can either beguile or surprise. Therefore I say, by union and by councel strengthen each other; for Union is the strongest Fortification, and Councel surpasses Numbers. Being thus marshalled, and equipped with confidence and resolution, which are the best armour, we shall march on to success and prosperity.

Gallia's Arch Usurper is a declared tyrant over consciences, and is therefore a Usurper of GOD'S prerogative; consequently his career will be but short.

This Usurper, like the father of usurpers, Satan, perseveres in fomenting discords, and makes the entire conclave resound with projected invasions, massacres, and violations; and in perspective feasts himself with the enormities to be inflicted upon those that his sanguinary mind has destined for his prey.

The would-be *Grande Nation*, like a herd of voracious wolves, have seized on their enfeebled neighbours' flocks; and while their hands are still dyed with unhallowed blood, hug themselves with the impious notion, that wicked enterprises change their nature with their names, and hence are basely led to think that every proceeding is virtuous when attended with success.

How lost to reason and every thing great or good, and how forsaken by Providence, thus to be permitted to debase themselves lower than the irrational animals; for the generous lion disdains to make the mouse his prey; neither will the eagle catch flies.

It cannot be doubted, that a King is entitled to arm all for his own and his People's rights. The laws of GOD, of Man, and of Reason, which are encouragers of self-preservation, sanction him, even to the using of extremities.

Now is the momentous time, while threatened by an unprincipled marauder, for the defence of our King, our Country, our Altars, our Homes, our Families, our Property, and all that is near and dear to us. To suffer or to die in such a cause, is our first duty, and our highest honor.

We should be fortified against disappointments; for the most virtuous cause is not always crowned with immediate success; but patiently persevere and endeavour to deserve success, and ultimately your wishes will be realized, and your enemy discomfited.

As the long brooding storm cannot be dispelled, my Countrymen stand prepared. Rally round the standard of Honour with alacrity. To be early in the field completely equipped, with minds cordially engaged in the cause, is a prominent advantage, for under such circumstances he that gives the first blow is more likely to renew his stroke, than he who is brought into the field by surprise and in disorder. Thus let us, brave Britons, meet the danger, or it will ferret us out, and be a mock to our reputation for courage and *power*: while the enemy may be emboldened to consider, that a War tho' founded in injustice, if directed against a lethargic power cannot endanger his own success. But inspired by the glorious deeds of our brave ancestors, by our manly vigour, and by our hereditary spirit, let us rise up as one man to resist and conquer HIM, who vauntingly boasts, and ignorantly prides himself in his might, situation, numbers, riches, and above all in his past successes,

cesses. Many heretofore who thought they stood have fallen. Neither success nor victory always serve the same master.

Brave and generous hearted Britons! promptly decide to die gloriously rather than tamely and ignominiously to *crouch* to the *grand Enslaver*, to be enfettered by his *galling* chains;—sacrifice every comfort, undergo any, or every privation, rather than subject yourselves to the fraternal hug of those infernal miscreants, who can set no bounds to their ambition, nor impose any restraint upon their love of violence, plunder and desolation. Remember all lies at stake, LIFE, LIBERTY, and SAFETY, and remember these blessings of Providence, are threatened by those that have long since discarded HONOUR, disbanded MERCY, and who look upon JUSTICE, and the observance of Good Faith, as Plebeian virtues, deserving no place in *the glorious new order of things*.

Self defence is a dictate of nature, as is manifested among irrational creatures, so is it also in man; even the laws of nations will, that force be repelled by force. The hedge hog is ever armed against assailants; and there are but few animals that bear not their offensive weapon about them. The ox his horn; the boar his tusk, and the lion his paw. —Let the vindictive enemies of England, beware of the Lion's paw.

Lose no time was Cæsar's motto. Delays are dangerous. It is the security of a State always to be watchful; and in a moment like the present, it is the greatest wisdom in ALL to be in readiness, and to have our magazines well stored with warlike implements, that in the hour of trial *none may be to seek, nor any thing be wanted.*

A THOUGHT ON BONAPARTE.

IT is said, with great truth, that flattery never loves the man, but courts his fortune, it is at once false and selfish, and is only produced by fear or favour; and having itself only in view, it observes no rule of equity or merit, but praises or calumniates according as men are raised or depressed. It is besides, so insidious, that it will sometimes win its way against every precaution. The emperor Galba, who was thought to be proof against flatterers (adversus blandentes incorruptos) was fatally driven by them; and MAZERAY, the French historian, tells us, that so long as Henry III. of France, built magnificent monasteries, and practised the mummeries of devotion, the monks revered him as a saint; but no sooner was the religion of seditious league formed against him, than those very people called him a tyrant, an hypocrite, and a murderer. Having represented him as possessing divine virtues, they afterwards described him as being instigated by diabolic views, and at length butchered him as an heretic.

BONAPARTE must know enough of what *has* passed in the world, to be fully aware of the possibility of such events; and he must see enough of what *is* passing in it, to weigh the probability of their being repeated.

He cannot be ignorant that the people of France, if they are not surrounded with so many armed instruments of despotism, would exclaim, as the people of Rome did, at the portentous elevation of their consul VERTIDIUS BASSUS:

Concurrite omnes Augures, auruspices!
Portentum, inusitatum, conflatum est recens,
Non mulos qui fricabat, Consul factus est.

The words will hardly bear a translation, and the generality of our readers will

will not need it. We may, however, venture to predict, that this upstart charioteer drives too fast for his own safety. He has been already thrown out of his seat, tho' fortune cast him upon soft ground; but the coast of Albion is rugged, and the cannon of its ships are loaded with balls of a very rude material; so let him be aware how he sets his foot upon the one, or puts himself in the way of the other. He has met Sir SIDNEY SMITH before, and he may chance to meet him again. That brave officer is now afloat, and on his own element. He has also heard of NELSON, and has seen a sample of his performance. That hero lives, and is gone forth again,—

Shorn of his limb, but in his heart entire.

The Corsican well knows, that he is not that idol of popularity which he has been painted by hireling idolaters, and subjugated vassals; and the French must know, if they are capable of reflection, that they heretofore have had, nay, that at the present moment, they possess, better men than him. Is it possible that his own soldiers will not occasionally wonder at the kind of hospital he has provided for those who are disabled, and that it is as unlike the hotel *Dieu*, as he himself is to the magnificent Monarch who founded that splendid asylum for the aged and wounded soldier, and, after all, is it not more than probable, that those who made him what he is, by a kind of galvanic process, are sick of the experiment, now that they find him capering and prancing about to the annoyance of every body round him.

TIBERIUS thought himself safe in Capræ, for never tyrant was so guarded. Even the precautions of St. Cloud do not exceed the vigilance of the Roman Despot. But was Tiberius happy? Read his letter to the Senate. His sleep was not sweet, nor was his heart at rest: nor can Bonaparte have a quiet hour.

Necesse est multos timeat, quem multi timent.

Times, Aug. 27, 1803.

MR. JUSTICE HARDINGE'S CHARGE, AT CARDIFF,

AUGUST 22, 1803.

Printed and published at the request of those to whom it was addressed; a request which they delivered in open Court, August 23d.

" GENTLEMEN OF THE GRAND JURY,

" WHEN I contemplate the general fertility of your soil, and the unexampled return of its present harvest, I cannot forbear to exclaim, in the words of the Roman Poet, (stripping them of their poetical habit, and retaining the sentiment unimpaired)

" Shall an impious army take possession of land so cultivated!
" Shall a barbarian be the reaper of this corn?
" See, for whom we have sown our fields!

Here the Poet has left us—but we can fill up the canvas, and we can give the answer to his questions.

" For whom!" are we asked? History will tell us—and put her seal upon it. For those, who will tear from your peasants, under the mask of tribute, or subsidy, the indefinite claims of unbounded avarice; will rifle their cottages—and, when plunder has been satiated, will set them on fire, commit outrages upon their daughters, and their matrons, too shocking to be named—set their foot upon age—and pollute, with savage insult, all the decencies of life.

" I give you this picture, to anticipate your abhorrence of the features; and your determination, that with enemies

mies like these, you will hear of no compromise, till every musket, sword, and pike, shall be wrested from those gallant volunteers (the hardy and spirited birth-right of your soil) whom you are in the act of arming for the defence of all that is dear and sacred in human life.

" Turning from your lands to your manufactures, and your commerce, I feel no less indignation at the humiliating image of mercantile instruction to a victorious tyrant, by the surrender of your implements, and prostitution of the artificers.

" When I explore, and with grateful respect, the diversities of religious opinion, which have separated, but without enmity, our Protestant Faith, in this part of the world, into Churchmen, Dissenters, and other Sectaries, competitors in zeal for their God and their King, and I shudder at the exchange of that noble independence upon so critical a subject, for *His* religion, who was an Atheist at Paris; at Rome, a Papist; in Egypt, a Mahometan; a Military Pope at Paris again; a Jew in that Synagogue, whose imprecations against this island, he has gratefully accepted; and a kind of Demi-god at the city gates upon the coast, which have told him, " that after he was created, Providence became superfluous!"

" When I look at the old families of this country, I am too proud, for even, to endure the idea, that *birth*, like theirs, can be ever bound in chains, to a foreign despotism, or can ever grace the wheel of its triumph here.

" When I look at new men, whom I revere no less, and whose talents, or labours, have invested them with claims upon the soil, as well as the market; I call upon *them* to sustain their double interest, with undivided energy and spirit.

" You have an extent of coast which exposes you in a peculiar degree, to the invader's attempt; but I am confident that he will not find one inch of that coast *unfortified*. I am not pointing at those barriers of military art upon which intelligent officers may have differed; but my allusion is to the forts and the redoubts of British valour, erected in the shape of that valour alone, by men who determine to be *the last of the conquered*, and who are sworn by a tacit oath to refuse a gift so despicable as that of life, at the expence of liberty and of honour.

" I have been much gratified in reading your address to the King. It was prepared (as I am told) by a gentleman, who does this Court the honour to be one of its officers—your present High Sheriff. It is, in my conception of it, most eloquent, animated, and constitutional. It reflects the highest honour upon the pen, by which it was framed, and upon the sense of the county by which it was adopted into their signature.

" I approve and commend your determination to raise the military complement of your volunteers, required by the law, to exempt you from its compulsory measures.

" As to a subscription for the general purposes of countenance and supply to this national object, and for special exigencies that may bear upon it (whether contemplated or unforeseen), you are the best judges of all such arrangements, and it would be impertinent in me to offer advice. But with every due submission to your better means of knowledge, I cannot help suggesting, whether it may not be deemed eligible, that a general fund should be put into honourable hands, for the support of the cause; and that a more special one should be appropri-

ated

ated for the purpose of relief to the widows and children of those, born in this county, who die in the field; of relief to the wounded and their families, or of encouragement and recompence to extraordinary merits and services—an expedient adopted in Westmoreland, by the sagacious and spirited mind of your diocesan, the Bishop of Llandaff—my view of it is, that of considering it as an additional spur to the volunteers.

"We are all speculators and politicians at a moment like this, on the subject of that coast which the invader is most likely to select. It appears to me the safest conjecture, that his first impression will be upon the sister island.

"But *there* he will find an impregnable fortress in the memory of that recent outrage, which robbed an able and virtuous Magistrate of his life.

"The ways of Providence in this world are too mysterious to be fathomed by the humam intellect, but we know *they are*, because they must be, wise and good. History will tell us, that visitations upon the innocent and meritorious, are often approved, in their effect, blessings of incalculable utility. The sword that was dipped in *Lucretia's* blood, gave Rome its liberty. The massacre of the *Hugonots* at Paris, gave new energy to our Protestant faith in all parts of the world.

"The judicial murder of Sidney and "Jeffries' Campaign," gave us the Revolution. The infernal outrage of that night in Dublin will be an army of champions against the foe, who was base enough to co-operate in the assassins' work.

"Where, Gentlemen, is my calendar! —It is not in my hand; it is a perfect blank.—There is not one prisoner for trial. It is another and signal proof, in which your merit is a most brilliant proof of the evidence, that our Constitution, which is the envy of the world, has the *charm*, (for I can give it no other name) of reconciling political independence with legal morality, and the discipline of exemplary obedience to legitimate government, with high spirit, no less exemplary, when the national voice of honour calls it forth."

ENGLISHMEN!

BE READY!

"A cruel and unprincipled Upstart, whom Providence permits to rage with savage tyranny over the people of France, declares in the face of the World, that the rights liberties of Englishmen shall speedily be no more!!!

"They may reap," he has insolently said to his desperate and abandoned followers, "but we shall enjoy their harvest.—They may talk of their safety from the Sea that surrounds them—we shall watch our occasion, give the slip to their Fleets, and pour into their Country. Their troops can never guard the whole line of their shores; and the people, incumbered with arms *which they know not how to use*, will fly before us in every direction. The spoil must be immense—their wives and daughters will fall within our power—and EVERY FRENCH SOLDIER MAY HAVE AN ENGLISHMAN FOR HIS SLAVE!"

"And shall this be so?—No—never. —Let the *Ruffians* come,—aroused by the warning voice of our good and virtuous SOVEREIGN, they shall find us—EVERY MAN OF US, prepared —prepared to make them feel the force of *British vengeance*—to hurl destruction on their heads; and shew the World what Englishmen, whose deeds in distant parts have covered them with renown—what Englishmen can do on their own NATIVE LAND.

IN REHEARSAL.

Theatre Royal of the United Kingdoms.

Some dark, foggy, Night, about November next, will be ATTEMPTED, by a Strolling Company of French Vagrants, an old Pantomimic Farce, called

HARLEQUIN'S INVASION,

OR, THE

DISAPPOINTED BANDITTI.

With New Machinery, Music, Dresses and Decorations.

Harlequin Butcher, by Mr. BONAPARTE, from CORSICA,

(Who performed that Character in *Egypt*, *Italy*, *Switzerland*, *Holland*, &c.)

THE OTHER PARTS BY

Messrs. Sieyes, Le Brun, Talleyrand, Marat, Angereau, Massena, and

THE REST OF THE GANG.

In the Course of the Piece will be introduced, a Distant View of

Harlequin's Flat-Bottomed Boats

WARMLY ENGAGED BY THE

WOODEN WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND.

To which will be added *(by command of his Majesty*, and at the particular request of all good Citizens) the favorite Comic-Tragic-Uproar of

THE REPULSE;

Or, Britons Triumphant.

The Parts of John Bull, Paddy Whack, Sawney Mac Snaish, and Shone-ap-Morgan, by Messrs. NELSON, MOIRA, St. VINCENT, GARDNER, HUTCHINSON, WARREN, PELLEW, S. SMITH, &c.

The Chorus of "*Hearts of Oak*," by the JOLLY TARS and ARMY of OLD ENGLAND.

Assisted by a Numerous Company of Provincial Performers,

Who have VOLUNTEERED their Services on this Occasion.

The Overture to consist of '*Britons Strike Home*'—'*Stand to your Guns*,"—'*Rule Britannia*,' and

GOD SAVE THE KING.

The Dresses will be Splendid; the Band Numerous and Compleat.

The whole to conclude with a GRAND ILLUMINATION, and a TRANSPARENCY displaying

BRITANNIA receiving the Homage of GALLIC PRISONERS.

*** No Room for Lobby Loungers. VIVANT REX ET REGINA.

EXHORTATION
OF A
BEDFORDSHIRE CLERGYMAN
TO HIS PARISHIONERS.

" FRIENDS and NEIGHBOURS,

" AS superintendant of this Parish, I have just read to you the Letter of the Lord Lieutenant of Division.—You will observe that he has requested me to explain to you the state of the Country and the motives which she urges upon you for your hearty concurrence in her plans of Defence.

" That the state of the Country is a state of danger there can be no doubt. You are threatened by an insolent and ambitious enemy with Invasion.—He has in a state of preparation 200,000 men within sight of your Coasts, and innumerable Vessels finished, or nearly so, to transport them to your Shores. He offers to his followers the plunder of our Country, and the prostration of all that can distinguish us as an independent nation.—The man who commands this force, has seen the blood of his lawful Sovereign shed upon a scaffold—His Queen and Sister murdered, the Heir to the throne, a defenceless youth, poisoned.—This man has contrived by a ferocious courage to raise himself amidst the convulsion and ruin of the State, to Sovereign Power.—Having waded through blood in Germany and Italy, having sacrificed at the bridge of Lodi 6,000 of his own troops, he gave precise orders to bury the dead and the wounded in the same grave that he might have no useless Soldiers.—This man having triumphed on the Continent of Europe, by the terror which his name inspired, by the ferociousness of his troops, by their Plunder, Rapes and Massacres, passed to Egypt, there he avowed himself a Turk and commenced a new career with his infamous Banditti, the abettors of his ambition, of his rapine and cruelty.

" Observe his entrance into Alexandria, a city which could offer him no serious resistance to justify deliberate Murder. You shall hear the account given of this affair by one of his Officers.* " The Turks repulsed on every side betake themselves to God and their Prophet, and fill their Mosques.—Men, Women, old and young—Children at the breast, all are massacred.—At the end of four hours the fury of our Troops ceases." Let us dwell on this horrible picture a moment—40,000 Men four hours engaged in the work of indiscriminate butchery!—Do you see the husband shot whilst kneeling before the altar of his God?—This is the work of *Bonaparte*.—Do you see the wife stabbed whilst she endeavours to shield that husband with her body? This is the work of *Bonaparte*. Do you view the infant at her breast wreathing on the point of a French bayonet? That too is the work of *Bonaparte*. I see neighbours you are in an agony—the tears burst from your eyes.—I only *relate* these things to you, *Bonaparte* has *done* them.—Whom did Providence appoint to stop the career of this Monster? You wish then to see Egypt revenged, our brave countrymen have done it; *Sir Sidney Smith* beat this mighty Hero from the Walls of Acre—Beat him with an handfull of Englishmen, and filled the Trenches with the dead bodies of his ruffian followers.—*Bonaparte the redoubtable*, turned his back on the conflict with rage and disappointment, and like the fierce *Bajazet* wreaked his vengeance where there was no resistance

* Bowyer—See intercepted Correspondence.

sistance—He robbed the poor Inhabitants in his retreat—He fired their Villages—He cut their throats. His Prisoners who surrendered upon promise of quarter to the number of 4,000, he in cold blood ordered to be shot. Four hundred of his own sick Troops, the sharers of his dangers, and the dupes of his ambition, he deliberately ordered to be poisoned. Defeated in his enterprize in Egypt, the Fleet of the Republic destroyed by the irresistible bravery of our gallant Seamen, led to the conflict by the undaunted *Nelson*.—Hopeless of becoming a second Alexander, and like him of subjecting the world, he shrunk from the contest, and leaving his deluded Army to their fate, he skulked back to France. Alexandria falls before the arms of the brave *Abercromby*, and the people of Egypt are avenged by Englishmen.—This Usurper of the Sovereign Power in France, unable to bear like a man the mortification of his more distant and disgraceful defeats, suffers his rage to overcome his cunning, and to tear the veil of hypocrisy from the angry soul of the Corsican.—He insults the Ambassador of the King of England, and surrounded by the host of Freebooters who have desolated and impoverished Europe, *Bonaparte* has the insolence to menace a country, an handful of whose Soldiers have covered him and his Egyptian Adventures with infamy and disgrace.—The *Wolf* now dares to howl at the LION's den.—Friends and neighbours, but for this disturber of mankind, you might still have rested in your peaceful village, your attention would not have been called to the sound of the trumpet, to the roaring of cannon, and the shouts of contending armies.—But now we must lead your thoughts to war—we must carry your imaginations to our own shores, where thousands of our countrymen are bristling our coasts with their bayonets, presenting a rampart of genuine valour—Estranged to rapine, and cold-hearted murder, opposing the honest hearts of Britons to the pallid ravishers of defenceless women, the murderer of helpless infants.—If the God of Battle should permit such Enemies to pollute our Shores, we are ready to punish their temerity, by teaching them the difference between the high beating pulse of Freedom, and the tremulous and inflamed movement of Gallic blood.

" You see then the nature of the claims which your Country has upon you, she calls for your voluntary aid, she expects the firm and ardent advance of her youngest Sons first—To be the defenders of the best of Kings from a host of Regicides, to defend their aged Parents, their Wives, their Sisters from the violence and foul embraces of French men. If I could imagine that any who hear me this day could be such dastards as to refuse voluntarily to protect and defend all that can be dear to Man, his Religion, his Laws, and his Liberties, and every endearment that constitutes the happiness of human life—I would then call an assembly of Women—I would urge them to cover you with ignominy by their reproaches, and then to arm themselves in defence of their Infants and their honour—they should chase you from the cottages which you refuse to protect, and banish you for ever from a Country which you disgraced by your cowardice. But I have another opinion of you—I see the fire of patriotism glow upon your cheeks—I see you are ready—you will fill again and again the ranks of our brave defenders if the enemy

enemy should make any impression on them. You will obey the call of your Sovereign and your Country—Yes, my Friends, we shall render ourselves worthy of our Ancestors, and of the esteem of future ages. I will take your resolutions immediately—Your names are all enrolled, but the question I shall put is, *Will you Volunteer?*"

The People quitted the Church, the Minister followed—He stood upon a Tomb-stone in the midst of them, and said aloud, "You that Volunteer to defend your KING and COUNTRY. hold up your hands"—(all did so to a man) "Let us say then, God save the King with three cheers"—GOD SAVE THE KING was on all sides heard, and three cheers closed the voluntary offers of the VILLAGERS of *Risely—TO BEAT THE FRENCH.*

Mr. ERSKINE's ADDRESS
TO THE
LAWYERS CORPS.

A meeting of the Lawyers Corps was held on Saturday August the 27th, in that noble and venerable apartment, the Middle Temple Hall; when Mr. ERSKINE, *who had the day before been elected the Colonel of the Law Association, addressed the Corps nearly to the following effect—*

"GENTLEMEN,—

"WHEN I recollect the occasion which requires me to present myself to your notice, when I look round also and perceive the enlightened and numerous audience before whom I appear, I do declare to you, that whatever habit I may have acquired of making public addresses, must give way to those sensations, which I feel in making an address to you. You have called me to a post of great confidence in a most arduous and critical season; to be your commander at such a time, and in such a crisis of affairs, would be honour enough—but there is something more than honour, something more congenial to my mind, something which more nearly touches my sensibility in its accompaniment. I have been told, my appointment was absolutely unanimous. That one circumstance is the spring of all my feelings—your unanimous suffrages, you know I could not have, unless I had with them your unanimous attachment. That thought it is which pervades me to the depth of my heart. Gentlemen, I am apprehensive (and I have no other fear) that you will expect too great things from me; you may, perhaps, suppose that I shall bring into the field the accomplishments and talents of an experienced officer, because I have been formerly in actual service. True it is, that I once had the honour to serve the King in both the military professions. There was a time when some military attainments I trust were mine; but time has effaced a great deal of what I had learnt. Give me leave, however, to say, that if I find I have forgot every thing I formerly knew, I shall think it no trouble, on your account, to go back again to my rudiments, and learn over again what was heretofore familiar to me in practice.—Gentlemen, the most extensive measures have been taken, and no doubt, necessarily, by our Government, to call out the strength of the country. There have been several opinions as to the most efficient mode of arming. I profess myself a great friend to the Volunteer system. I think it, upon the whole, more energetic than the *Levy en Masse*. I beg pardon for using this expression, for I hate even a word bor-

borrowed from that country with which we are at war. *(Loud applauses)*—It is not numbers alone, that I look for in defence; it is the spirit which animates, more than the numbers which compose, our military corps, that forms the bulwark of defence. I know the spirit with which we are animated: It is enough for us to recollect in what country we are living—that our free Constitution, which has stood the shock of ages; that the whole of our establishment and institutions, and among them, that invaluable treasury of legal maxims which secures the freedom of the land for us and is transmittal to our posterity; that every thing which is to you and me sacred, is to be ravaged by the destroying hand of an invading usurper—to think of such things for an instant is enough to fill your bosoms to the full; such sentiments as these ideas must generate; such sentiments as must light up the mind of every man, and invigorate every nerve in his frame, when he knows, that the political existence of the country is at stake, are the mass which I wish to see opposed to the invader—a mass, which it will be madness for any invader to attempt to penetrate.—Gentlemen, I will hazard most confidently my opinion, that I do not think this Invader will venture to land upon our coast—But what if he does? I will suppose him landed—what of that? I say we are impregnable. What is landing unless he can shake the spirit of the country? If the mind of the country is impregnable, it is ruin for that man who offers it violence. But if we are to look to such an event, let us also look to the sort of force we shall have to rest upon. Here again I advert to the Volunteers; there will be no mistrust among them; no "confusion worse confounded." The Officer will know his men and the men their Commander; there will be no treachery, when there is a mutual confidence.

"Gentlemen, I shall trouble you only with a few words more: though I am myself within a week or two of arriving at that age, when the Legislature would suppose me beyond the period of military duty, instead of filling the situation of a Commander; though I know also that my strength is not what it has been; still I must say, that any man to whom nature has left any strength, would be a traitor to his country, did he not come forward in such times as these. Placed as I am, at your head, by your unanimous suffrages, whatever I have left of energy, either of mind or bodily strength, is yours. Whatever exertions I am master of will with the most sincere zeal, be devoted to your service. Called to be your head, I will act as such as long as I can fulfil the duties of my command with efficiency, with honour to myself, and satisfaction to you. And I do most faithfully promise you, that the moment I shall find myself to be deficient in those respects I will no longer continue in the post which your partiality has conferred upon me."

EPIGRAM.

JOHN BULL *to his Countrymen.*

THOUGH the world *bow the neck* to the CORSICAN CHIEF,
We BRITONS will ever resist *hand and heart*;
And die, e'er we'll barter our *English Roast Beef*
For Soup Maigre, and Frogs, or a d-mn'd *Bony-part.*

E. W. B.

DURING BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

In a commodious Booth, erected for the occasion,
A Company of real *French* and *Italian* Performers, will exhibit
for Public Amusement,

HARLEQUIN RENEGADO;

OR,

PANDEMONIUM IN AN UPROAR.

In which will be represented in a Picturesque, and Pantomimic manner, THE TRICKS OF SCAPIN, in *France*, *Italy*, *Germany*, and *Egypt*, accompanied by various Tragi-comic Amusements never before exhibited.

The wonderful celebrity which SIGNIOR NAPOLEONE and his Company have gained throughout the Globe, by their unparalleled performances for the entertainment of the curious; gives him a hope that he may be permitted to show some of his slight-of-hand tricks in LONDON: (and though the LORD MAYOR was very circumspect how he granted *full licence*, and particularly ordered the *peace to be kept*, which Signior Napoleone considers as a great derogation of his known abilities;) yet, willing to oblige all that lies in his power, he will inform those who favour him with their company, of certain manœuvres in Pantomime which have never been exhibited in this Country.

The FIRST range of scenery will exhibit an *interesting view of Rome*, in which will be represented a DINNER WITH THE POPE; or *Who pays the Piper*, by Mons. BERTHIER.

SCENE II. *The Shores of Alexandria.* AN ARAB HUNT; showing in *the true comic stile*, how to make *three thousand Arabs* bite the dust. In this masterly performance, Signior Napoleone will perform a principal Character.

SCENE III. *An interesting spectacle of the Military Hospital at Jaffa.* A PHILOSOPHICAL DISSERTATION on the most effectual method of destroying sickness, by means of *soporific pills*, with a representation of their wonder-working effects; which will convey a laughable idea of grimace in the various countenances of the patients. A certain Englishman, calling himself *Wilson*, has attempted to describe this in a hand-bill, for his own benefit; but Signior Napoleone hereby publicly avows that his account, however he may puff it off for veracity, cannot come up to the Signior's REAL performances, whether at *Jaffa* or elsewhere.

SCENE IV. *The banks of Lodi.* In this part of the performance will be seen how to pass a bridge in the true heroic stile; and how to SACRIFICE, in the *most pleasing and entertaining manner*, 6000 men, to gain your object. N. B. Never pass a river at a *Ford*, for though you save blood, you make no *Eclat*.

SCENE V. *The Swiss Cantons.* A lively representation of the FRATERNAL HUG, to conclude with the address of the Ghost of William Tell to his country. This will be introduced with an original Song to the tune of "*Liberty to the Globe*," by M. Talleyrand; and an entertaining view of the MASSACRE OF THE PEASANTRY of *Schwitz*, *Uri*, and *Unterwalden*, for arming in the *Defence* of LIBERTY.

SCENE VI. *Amsterdam.* TREE OF LIBERTY HOISTED BEFORE THE STADT-HOUSE; which in a familiar manner, will transform itself into a number of Guillotine tricks, producing a very laughable effect, 1st. in squeezing the *hard dollars* of the Mynheers into *French Assignats*; and 2dly in lopping off a number of *useless excrescences.* These tricks to be exhibited every day.

SCENE VII. *The Thuilleries.* SHADOWS, representing in a lively manner, *The bloody hand pointing to the Temple: The demolition of Henry* IV's. *statue:* And a number of other views too numerous to mention in a hand-bill.

The whole to conclude with a Farce, called

HARLEQUIN EVERY-WHERE.

In which Signior NAPOLEONE will exhibit a singular piece of Activity, comprised in a HOP. STEP, and JUMP, from *Italy* to *Egypt*, from *Egypt* to *Paris*, and from *Paris* to the *Coast of England*; including a Divertisement of Scenery and Song, in alternate succession, representing

THE SIEGE OF ACRE.

With, "*Now the Battle's fought and won,*" by Mr. S. Smith.

THE COUNCIL OF ANCIENTS,

With, "*Down, Tyrant, Down,*" by M. Arena.

AND

THE CLIFFS OF DOVER,

With, "*Britons Strike Home,*" by Messrs. Keith, Cornwallis, S. Smith, Frederick York, Moira, Hutchinson, and a full Chorus of British Tars, Soldiers, and Volunteers; accompanied by Drums, Trumpets, Bassoons, Clarionets, and continued DISCHARGES of MUSKETRY and CANNON.

The Finale will represent

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA REVIVED,

OR,

THE DESTRUCTION OF AN INVADING FLEET.

The Scenery and Machinery similar to that employed in the defeat of the Spanish Floating Batteries, before Gibraltar; With the Glee of "*Sulphur, Smoke,* and *Fire,*" from the Old Song of Admiral Russel.

To prevent confusion, the LORD MAYOR will place *Volunteers* and *Peace Officers* to keep the doors, so that the Public can entertain no *suspicion* of having their *Property* INVADED or their *pockets picked.* Signiors NAPOLEONE, TALLEYRAND, BERTHEIR, &c. inform their customers that all the profits of the performances are for *their own sole benefit*; as was clearly evinced when they settled the accounts of the Theatre with Don Sancho Pancha, Signior Etruria, M. Von Pruss, and others.

Admittance, Front Places ONE GUINEA: Back Seats, One Shilling. BANK PAPER will not not be accepted.—N. B. No change after the Curtain is drawn.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CASTLE BUILDER;

OR,

THE FRENCH AT THEIR JOURNEY'S END.

Written by Mr. C. DIBDIN, *Jun.*

And sung in the Burletta Spectacle of Barbara Allen, at Sadlers Wells.

WE'RE told that the French to invade us intend,
And no wonder if BONAPARTE's madness thus end,
For that man is most likely, it must be allow'd,
In the *air* to *build castles* who lives at St. *Cloud.*
Tol de rol.

They'll come, we are told, or fame makes a faux pas,
In balloons to be fill'd with the *smoke* of burnt straw,
And its quite *a-pro-pos* that a plan, without joke,
Which is founded in *vapour* should finish in *smoke.*
Tol de rol.

Then some say they'll come here in flat-bottom'd boats,
To reap a good harvest, and sow their wild oats;
But the harvest they fancy to reap will be *smash'd,*
And their *oats* and *themselves* get confoundedly *thrash'd.*
Tol de rol.

But how to get here the French need'nt take pains,
To project *this* or *that* way, or puzzle their brains;
Let them once put to sea, and they'll soon find escorts,
For *our sailors will pilot them into our ports.*
Tol de rol.

As a proof that they'll come, the French ev'ry day toast
"*That Frenchman who first sets his foot on our coast,*"
But he'll not keep his *footing*, I'll wager a crown,
So let us toast "*The Briton that first knocks him down.*"
Tol de rol.

SELECTED POETRY.

STANZAS TO THE BRITISH OAK.

WHEN vegetation from the new-form'd earth
Call'd forth her first green progeny to thee,
She gave distinguish'd eminence of birth—
She mark'd thee for the forest's Kingly tree.

She

She gave thee vigor, weakness to protect,
She gave thee beauty, valour to engage;
She gave thee dignity to gain respect,
And courage to control Confusion's rage.

Hence thou abhor'st the climes where Tyrants reign,
And cringing slaves ignoble homage pay;
Hence at the sight of loath'd Oppression's chain,
Thy verdure sickens, and thy nerves decay.

But, in the land where Liberty and Law
Their wholesome influence happily unite,
Where Justice keeps Enormity in awe,
And weighs with equal scale the wrong and right:—

There thou delight'st to fix thy stable seat;
Luxuriant *there* thy native honours spread,
The Muses consecrate the lov'd retreat
And Taste and Genius round it lustre shed.

Then rear thy green head to the summer gale,
And all thy tow'ring branches proudly wave
For, till the pow'rs of vegetation fail,
No *Tyrant* FREEDOM'S FAV'RITE shall enslave.

Morning Post. HAFIZ.

PATRIOTIC EPILOGUE

To the Maid of Bristol,

BY GEORGE COLMAN, JUN. ESQ.

IN times like these, the Sailor of our Play,
Much more than common sailors has to say;
For Frenchmen, now, the British Tars provoke,
And doubly tough is every Heart of Oak;
Ready to die or conquer, at command,
While all are Soldiers who are left on land.
Each English soul's on fire to strike the blow
That curbs the French, and lays a Tyrant low.—
Sweet wolf! how lamb-like! how, in his designs,
"The maiden modesty of Grimbald" shines:
Strifes he concludes 'twixt nations who agree:
Freedom bestows on states already free;
Forcing redress on each contented town,
The loving Ruffian burns whole districts down;
Clasps the whole world, like Death, in his embrace,
Stalks Guardian Butcher of the human race;
And, aping the fraternity of Cain,
Man is his brother only to be slain.

And

And must Religion's mantle be profan'd,
To cloak the crimes with which an Atheist's stain'd?
Yes;—the Mock Saint, in holy motley dress'd,
Devotion's *Public Ledger* stands confess'd;—
Of ev'ry, and no faith, beneath the sun—
"Open to all, and influenc'd by none;"
Ready he waits, to be, or not to be,
Rank Unbeliever, or staunch Devotee.

Now *Christians'* death in *Christian* zeal he works,
Now worships *Mahomet* to murder *Turks*;
Now tears the *Creed*, and gives *Free-thinking* scope,
Now dubb'd "*Thrice Catholic*," he strips *a Pope!*

A *mongrel* Mussulman, of *Papal* growth,
Mufti and *Monk*, now *neither*, or now *both*;
At *Mosque*, at *Church*, by turns, as craft thinks good,
Each day, in each,—*and every day in blood!*

GOD; must this Mushroom *Despot of the hour*,
The spacious world encircle with his power?
Stretching his baneful feet from pole to pole,
Stride Corsican Colossus of the whole.
Forbid it, HEAVEN!—and forbid it Man!
Can Men forbid it?—Yes: the *English* can.
'Tis their's, at length, to fight the world's great cause,
Defend their own, and rescue other's laws.

What BRITONS would not, were their hairs all lives,
Fight for their Charter, for their Babes and Wives;
And hurl a Tyrant from his upstart Throne,
To guard their King securely on his own?

BANNOCK BURN.

Robert Bruce's Address to his Army.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's pow'r—
Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! Coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
FREE-MAN, or FREE-MAN fa',
CALEDONIAN! on wi mee!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe;
LIBERTY's in every blow!
Forward! let us DO, or DIE!

SONG,
BY CAPTAIN MORRIS.

WHILE deeds of Hell deface the world,
And Gallia's Throne in ruin lies,
While round the world Revolt is hurl'd,
And Discord's baneful banner flies,
Loud shall the loyal Briton sing
To arms; to Arms! your bucklers bring,
To shield our Country, guard our King,
And GEORGE and ENGLAND save.

Ne'er shall the desolating woe,
That shades with horror Europe o'er,
To us his hideous image show,
Or steep in blood this happy shore:
Firm as our rock-bound Isle we'll stand,
With watchful eye and iron hand,
To wield the might of Britain's land,
And GEORGE and England save.

While wide the threat'ning frenzy burns,
And prostrate nations mourn its rage,
Sternly his eye the Briton turns
To EDWARD's and to HENRY's page:
As o'er their conquering urn he sighs,
Touch'd by their fame's proud fire, he cries,
"Thus o'er our foes we'll ever rise,
And GEORGE and England save."

Oft fancy views them on the deep,
And turning, as their squadrons roll,
Where great ELIZA's ashes sleep,
With triumph fills the Briton's soul.
As DRAKE and RALEIGH catch the glance:
"Advance! he cries, rash fools, advance!
The grave of Spain shall ope for France,
And GEORGE and England save."

What prompts these restless foes of life
To dare our dreaded arms again?
What, but the hope that party strife
Has broke Britannia's shield in twain?
But, know they not, when France is near,
The *war of tongues* is silent here,
That ALL may grasp Britannia's spear,
And GEORGE and England save.

Ne'er in the pinch of Britain's fate
Shall Statesmen's rival feuds be known,
Or faction strive, with thwarting hate,
To break the British bulwark down:
No! round the Altar of our Land,
Link'd in one soul, the British Band
Shall firm in sacred union stand,
And GEORGE and England save.

Though moral order sink to ground,
Though all the virtues trodden lie,
Though fury tear the nations round,
And blood and rapine fill each eye;
Ne'er shall the storm here turn its flight,
While British hearts at Home unite
To guide our thoughts, to guard our right,
And GEORGE and England save.

O, happy Isle! wise-order'd State!
Well-temper'd work of Freedom's hand!
No shock of realms can touch thy fate,
If Union binds thy sea-girt land:
Vainly the storms shall round thee ring,
While Britain's Sons in concord sing,
We'll shield our Country, guard our King,
And GEORGE *and England save!*

BONAPARTE's ANSWER
TO
JOHN BULL's CARD,

Inviting him to ENGLAND, *with a Few Lines concerning his* BROTHERS, TAFFY, SAWNEY, *and* PADDY.

Tune—*Here we go up, up, up.*

MY dear Johnny Bull, the last mail
Brought over your kind invitation,
And strongly it tempts us to sail
In our boats, to your flourishing nation.

But

But prudence she whispers, "Beware,
Don't you see, that his fleets are in motion;
He'll play you some d—d *Ruse de Guerre.*
If he catches you out on the ocean."

CHORUS.

Our *fears* they mount up, up, up,
Our *hopes* they sink down-y down-y,
Our *hearts* they beat backwards and forwards,
Our *heads* they turn round-y round-y.

You say that *pot-luck* shall be mine,
Je n' entens pas ces mots, Monsieur Bull,
But think I can guess your design,
When you talk of a *good belly-full.*
I have promis'd my men with rich food,
Their courage and faith to reward;
I tell them your puddings are good,
Tho' your *dumplings are rather too hard.*

O my Johnny, my Johnny,
And O my Johnny, my deary—
Let a few of us come over
To taste of your beef and beer-y.

I've read, and I've heard much of Wales;
Its mines, its meadows, and fountains,
Of black cattle fed in the vales,
And goats skipping wild on the mountains.
Were I but once safe landed there,
What *improvements* I'd make in the place!
I'd prattle and kiss with the fair,
Give the men the fraternal embrace.

O my Taffy, my Taffy,
Soon I'll come, *if it please ye*,
To riot on delicate mutton,
Good ale, and toasted cheese-y.

Caledonia I long to see,
And if the stout fleet in the North
Will let me go by quietly,
Then I'll sail up the Firth of Forth:
Her sons, I must own, they are dashing,
Yet Johnny, between me and you,
I owe them a grudge for the thrashing,
They gave that poor devil Menou.

O my Sawney, my Sawney,
Your bagpipes will make us all friskey,
We'll dance with your lasses so bonny,
Eat haggis, and tipple your whiskey.

Hibernia's another snug place,
I hope to get there too some day,
Tho' our ship's they got into disgrace,
With Warren, near Donegall Bay.
Tho' my good friends at Vinegar Hill,
They fail'd, be assured Jack, of this,
I'll give them *French Liberly* still,
As I have to the *Dutch* and the *Swiss.*

O my Paddies, my Paddies,
You are all of you honest creatures,
And I long to be with you at Cork,
To sup upon fish and potatoes.

"*A fair wind and thirty-six hours,*"
Would bring us all over from Brest,
Tell your ships to let alone ours,
And we'll manage all the rest.
Adieu! my dear boy, 'till we meet;
Take care of your gold, my honey,
And when I reach Threadneedle-street,
I'll help you count over your money.

But my *fears* they mount up, up, up,
My *hopes* they sink down-y, down-y,
My *heart* it beats backwards and forwards,
My *head* it runs round-y, round-y.

the King of France
J. BULL'S
Invincible March